



Coaching Hell



12 0 1

Chapter 1 by Francisco Nieto

Here I am outside her door again, wondering if I should knock or just turn the knob and barge right in. Who knows what kind of show I'll get to see this time. I'm not even sure the door isn't going to be locked, I mean if she knew I was coming, she could have just scheduled a field trip, or an impromptu trip to the library. Why couldn't all teachers be like Ms. Snoutfarmer? Such a breeze to work with, that woman. Loves the feedback I give her, turns my suggestions into full fledged units that soar in the air. She is a "yes and" kind of teacher who should be in charge of ed services, but instead chooses to clock in day after day, to sprinkle knowledge upon their little heads.

But I'm not here to see Ms Snoutfarmer...I'm here to see Ms. Dorkheimer. After a long sigh, I reach for the door knob.

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